

Join Me

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Summary: Canon-compliant post mockingjay Everlark in the early days of their relationship, when everything is new. Smut without storyline, essentially.

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This was written for shellibug on Tumblr, for the prompt: Everlark, 'Join me'. Canon-compliant post mockingjay pre epilogue. No plot, only smut :) This ficlet is rated mature

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><p>I always enter my house in Victor's Village through the back door, the one that leads directly into the kitchen. The front entry is too formal and too stuffy, and my kitchen is the hub of my house anyway. Today, though, I'm surprised to find the kitchen empty. I've been at the construction site for my soon-to-be finished bakery all day, but Katniss left a couple of hours ago, telling me she'd see me at home.<p>

Home. Our home, that we share now. That thought never fails to make me giddy.

We've grown together in the many months I've been back in Twelve, learning to be friends even as we struggled to care for ourselves. But slowly friendship grew to be something more, and two weeks ago, after she told me that what we have together is real, I asked her to move in with me, officially. She agreed.

So I'm confused that the kitchen, in fact the entire main floor, is dark and quiet.

Her bow is by the door, so she's not hunting, and I sincerely doubt she's out visiting Haymitch. They care about each other in a grudging sort of way that doesn't extend to frequent social visits.

I'm worried that maybe she's having a bad day, maybe that's why she left so abruptly. Maybe I'll find her in bed, staring at the wall. I climb the stairs with some trepidation.

But the bedroom is empty too, the bed neatly made. "Katniss?" I call.

"I'm in here," her voice drifts from beyond the open bathroom door, and I follow it without question.

When I enter the room I stop dead. The air is thick and sultry, clouds of lavender-scented steam swirl around my head. The bathroom is lit only by candles that flicker on the counter and windowsill, even though I know the electricity is working.

Then I see her.

Katniss is reclined in the bathtub, surrounded by bubbles. Huge piles of bubbles. "Holy shit," I breathe. I bet she's naked under those bubbles. The blood leaves my head and rushes south, my pants becoming uncomfortably snug. It's like one of my fantasies come to life. She smiles, looking up at me through her lashes, cheeks flushed. She has no idea, how sexy she is.

"Hi," she says softly, and it snaps me out of my stupor. She's bathing, and I'm standing here leering at her like some sort of creep.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean," I start, backing away but she cuts me off.

"Wait!" I stop in the doorway, wide-eyed. She stretches a hand towards me, an errant cluster of bubbles slip sinuously down her arm. "Join me," she says.

I can't have heard that right.

Those quicksilver eyes are wide, almost pleading, locked onto mine, and she pinches her bottom lip between her teeth.

I twitch hard in my pants.

I advance slowly, giving her plenty of opportunity to scream at me or demand I leave, but she's silent. Finally I'm standing right beside the tub, gripping her wet hand in my own like a lifeline.

"You, uh, you w-want me toâ€¦ to, uh, k-keep you c-company?" The intensity of her gaze makes me drop my own eyes. "Holy shit," I whisper again. Bubbles are not as opaque as I would have guessed, and her breasts are clearly visible through the foam. I can feel my cheeks heating, even as my cock throbs, and I can't tear my eyes away.

Our sexual relationship is new, so very new. Katniss and I have had sex exactly 4 times. Four mind-blowing times. I'm still not at the point where seeing any part of her body doesn't feel like an illicit thrill.

I'll probably never be at that point.

I only lift my eyes away from those tempting peaks when she softly clears her throat. She's shaking her head, just slightly, and I try to remember, with what little blood remains in my head, what she's saying no to. Her eyes twinkle with amusement, as if she can tell I'm utterly incapable of rational thought right now. She shifts, the water sloshing and swirling around her as she scoots forward a little, sluicing away most of the foam, leaving her breasts bare and dripping, her nipples hard despite the warmth of the room.

"Join me, Peeta," she repeats, her voice husky. When I make no move she clarifies. "Take off your clothes."

It takes another few moments to register her second command, but when I do I rip my shirt off as fast as possible, my pants and shorts follow suit. I straighten after tossing them aside only to realize that my rigid cock is now pointing directly at Katniss, only inches from her scarlet cheeks. She's staring at it, wide eyed. She licks her lips, and my dick twitches.

I'm gonna cum.

Katniss reaches for my hand again and helps me into the tub. It isn't a smooth or elegant process, the lack of sensation in my prosthetic makes slippery surfaces a challenge but I manage, with her assistance, to get settled in the warm water. She shifts backwards, sliding between my thighs, leaning back against my chest. My cock is pressed firmly against her ass, cradled in the cleft at the base of her spine. I can't stop myself from bucking against her, just a bit. Her answering moan spurs me to do it again and I'm rewarded with a little wiggle of her hips.

Fuck she's so impossibly sexy.

She pries my fingers from where they're gripping the tub edge like a lifeline and places my hands on her breasts. It's all the encouragement I need. I alternate between palming the slippery mounds and rolling her nipples between my fingers. Her head lolls back against my shoulder and she whimpers my name.

The long column of her elegant neck tempts me and I don't resist, laving the salty sweet skin like a starving man.

My cock is absolutely throbbing, rubbing slickly against her firm ass as I continue thrusting, her breathy little moans everytime I do make my toes curl. She reaches a hand back blindly to wrap in my hair, arching as she does. I've never seen anything more erotic than Katniss, naked and glistening, arched in my arms, eyes closed in bliss.

And then like a lightning bolt the realization hits me. She planned this. She wanted me to find her, to touch her, to pleasure her. My shy, pure Katniss. She's not very good at expressing her needs in words, but she's showing me now; she wants me. She wants us.

A rush of love overpowers me. I want to make her feel good. I need to make her feel good.

She gasps as I wrap my arm around her thigh, lifting her leg up to balance on the edge of the bathtub. A line of bubbles parades along

her lean calf and up her thigh, disappearing into the water. Before she can even try to drop her leg my hand finds her centre, cupping her. "Peeta," she squeaks, but not in protest, and her hips chase my hand.

The water doesn't disguise her silky arousal, coating my fingers as I tease her. She writhes and squirms and pants, water spilling over the tub edge. I bring her to the brink, then pull back, over and over. Her moans turn into whines, and finally she finds her words.

"Please, Peeta, please," she begs and I nearly blow my load. I stop teasing and switch to rubbing her clit with the firm circles I know will push her over the edge. She twists to kiss me fiercely, grunting against my lips when the new angle lets me bury two fingers deep inside her.

As limited as her verbal communications can be, she's incredible at showing me how she's feeling. Now as she squirms and bucks and chants my name in breathless pants against my lips her pleasure is clearly displayed, her passion is mine to enjoy.

My lips caress the shell of her ear as I murmur encouragements in her ear, telling her how beautiful she is, how sexy, how much I want her, even as my fingers continue their relentless pace.

When I whisper _I love you, _she shatters, and so do I, in a way. Her release is physical, mine is something different; my heart swells with pride, and elation. She pulses and quakes, arching erotically, my name leaving her lips as a drawn out whine. When she calms, her eyes, heavy-lidded and glowing, hold mine. Those full lips quirk up in a smile as she lays in my arms, completely sated.

That she can trust me like this, that she can love me despite everything, it's more than I ever dreamed possible. I wish I could stay in this moment forever, but she's starting to shiver in the rapidly cooling water.

I help her out of the tub, wrap her in a fluffy Capitol towel and take my time drying her gently, more caresses than utility. And she lets me, almost purring in contentment. This isn't a side of Katniss I get to see very often, and I'm enjoying it.

She even lets me carry her back to our bedroom, nuzzling my neck. I set her on our bed, kissing her softly as I do. She's tired; I'll let her rest while I make us both some dinner. But she shakes her head at me as I pull back, as if she's read my thoughts.

"C'mere," she drawls lazily, pulling the corner of the sheet back in invitation. "Join me." I chuckle, hearing those words again, but climb in. Her eyes glitter mischievously; she presses me back into the pillows and hovers over me. "It's your turn now." And as her body slides sensuously down mine, leaving wet kisses in her wake, I can only grip the bedsheets tightly and wait to see what else she has in store for us tonight.

End
file.